Production No. 3F22

The Simpsons

"SUMMER OF 4 FT. 2"

Written by

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FINAL 1

Date 11/13/95

"SUMMER OF 4 FT. 2"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA

MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER

BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT

LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH

MILHOUSE.....PAMELA HAYDEN

ICE CREAM TRUCK SUPERVISOR.....HARRY SHEARER

MRS. KRABAPPEL.....PAMELA HAYDEN

LOU.....HANK AZARIA

MARTIN.....PAMELA HAYDEN

GIRLS.....PAMELA HAYDEN/TRESS MACNEILLE

NERDY GIRL (CEECEE).....TRESS MACNEILLE

OTHER NERDY GIRL (BEEZEE).....PAMELA HAYDEN

MISS HOOVER.....MAGGIE ROSWELL

CHUCK.....PAMELA HAYDEN

RALPH.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT

KIDS.....PAMELA HAYDEN/TRESS MACNEILLE
.....DAN CASTELLANETA

NELSON.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT

CELESTE.....PAMELA HAYDEN

BECKY.....PAMELA HAYDEN

PRINCIPAL SKINNER.....HARRY SHEARER

NED FLANDERS.....HARRY SHEARER

MEN IN LINE.....HARRY SHEARER/DAN
.....CASTELLANETA/HANK AZARIA

MAGGIE.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT

PIPPI LONGSTOCKING.....MAGGIE ROSWELL

EUSTACE TILLEY.....DAN CASTELLANETA

ALICE.....PAMELA HAYDEN

COOL KID VOICE (RICK)...HANK AZARIA

COOL GIRL VOICE (ERIN)..PAMELA HAYDEN

RICK.....HANK AZARIA

LISA'S BRAIN.....YEARDLEY SMITH

KID.....TRESS MACNEILLE

ERIN.....PAMELA HAYDEN

KIDS (BEACH).....PAMELA HAYDEN/TRESS MACNEILLE
.....HANK AZARIA

DEAN.....TRESS MACNEILLE

APU II.....HANK AZARIA

RIDE OPERATOR.....HANK AZARIA

OLD CARNEY.....HARRY SHEARER

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ACT ONE

SCENE 1

FADE IN:

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - BART'S CLASSROOM - DAY

MILHOUSE leans over to BART.

MILHOUSE

Hey, Bart, summer's almost here. Which kind of sprinkler do you like: the one that goes like this? (IMITATES ARCING SPRINKLER WITH HAND MOVEMENTS AND SPITTING SOUNDS) Or the one that goes like this?! (IMITATES "FFT-FFT-FFT" INTERMITTENT KIND) Oh, and there's this one! (IMITATES CRAZY SPIRALLY DUAL JET KIND)

BART

It's the last day of school, Milhouse. Try to show some dignity.

They look toward the clock: the minute hand slowly nears the 12. Their gaze drifts from the clock to the window.

NEW ANGLE, THROUGH THE HEAT SHIMMER

In the distance, a fleet of ice cream trucks, with **MOTORS IDLING**, sparkles in the sunlight.

ICE CREAM TRUCK SUPERVISOR

Gentlemen, start your chimes...

TINKLING MUSIC wafts into the classroom. The minute hand trembles then **CLICKS** over to 12. The **BELL RINGS** and Milhouse leaps up.

MILHOUSE

School's out! Up yours, Krabappel!

Milhouse bolts out of the classroom. The other STUDENTS watch through the window as Milhouse tears off across the playing fields.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Well, I'm glad the rest of you remembered that summer vacation starts at the end of the day, not the beginning.

She indicates the clock, which reads 9:00 a.m. Suddenly the door **BURSTS** open to reveal Milhouse, escorted by LOU the cop.

LOU

Here you go, Ma'am.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Hmm. Quick work. How'd you know he was gonna run?

LOU

(WINKING) We've got someone on the inside.

Lou exchanges a glance with a guilty-looking MARTIN.

MARTIN

(NERVOUS LAUGH)

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - YEARBOOK OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

A sign on the door says, "Yearbook Office -- Immortalizing Your Awkward Phase." Inside, LISA and A GROUP OF NERDY GIRLS stand around a big cardboard box.

LISA

(HAPPY SIGH) The reward for a year's worth of toil and sacrifice: Retrospecticus.

She eagerly **SLITS** open the box with an Exacto knife and pulls out a volume of the yearbook, Retrospecticus. The cover has been severely slashed in the course of opening the box.

LISA (CONT'D)

(EMBARRASSED) Oops.

She pulls out a pristine second volume.

GIRLS

(OOHS AND AAHS)

One of the nerdy girls caresses the embossed cover.

NERDY GIRL (CEECEE)

The Leatheroleum covers were worth the extra money! (SNIFFS IT, THEN ADMIRINGLY) Oh, you can smell the benzene!

OTHER NERDY GIRL (BEEZEE)

Oh, when the kids see the these layouts and fonts, you're going to be the most popular girl in school!

LISA

You know something, BeeZee? I think you're right.

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - MISS HOOVER'S CLASS - 2:59 P.M.

MISS HOOVER

(DRAMATICALLY) And so as Abraham Lincoln sat in Ford's Theater that night, John Wilkes Booth entered, drew his gun and...

A bell **RINGS**.

MISS HOOVER (CONT'D)

Well, that's it. Have a nice summer, everyone.

Everyone pours out of the classroom, except for a few concerned students.

CHUCK

But what happened in Ford's theater?

RALPH

(VERY CONCERNED) Was President Lincoln okay?

MISS HOOVER

He was fine. (BEAT) Go home, Ralph.

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - HALLWAY - LATER

A crowd of jostling students has gathered around a table where Lisa and the nerdy girls are going to distribute the yearbooks.

LISA

(ADDRESSING CROWD) In the beginning of the school year, each of you received a colored ticket. I hope everyone still has theirs.

KIDS

(MURMUR OF PROTEST)

The kids push towards the table.

NELSON

(TO LISA) Who died and made you boss?

LISA

(SINCERELY AND A LITTLE SADLY) Mr. Estes, the publications advisor.

(PROUDLY) I edited the whole thing.

NELSON

(BLINKS, THEN) If you hadn't done it, some other loser would have! So quit milking it!

Nelson grabs a stack of yearbooks and begins passing them out.

KIDS

(CHEER)

After a few seconds, the table is depleted of yearbooks. Off Lisa's hurt face, we CUT TO:

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER

Lisa wanders through the hallway as kids sign each other's yearbooks. She walks up to a cluster of kids who are passing around yearbooks and signing them.

LISA

Hey, will you guys sign my yearbook?

Lisa inserts her book into the blur of books being exchanged. It shoots back and forth between people, and finally back into her hands. She opens it up: there's not a single signature in it. Lisa turns to see a GIRL walking by, alone.

LISA (CONT'D)

Celeste, will you sign my yearbook?

CELESTE

(LYING) Uh, I'd like to, but I really have to get some water.

Celeste changes her direction and walks up to the water fountain. As she's **DRINKING**, she slowly turns her head to see if Lisa's still there.

CELESTE'S P.O.V.

Lisa stands there smiling hopefully, holding her yearbook.

BACK TO SCENE

Celeste quickly turns back to the water and continues **DRINKING**.

CELESTE

(DRINKING SOUNDS THAT BECOME INCREASINGLY PAINED)

Lisa **SIGHS** and walks off.

FURTHER DOWN THE HALL **SCENE 2**

Another crowd has formed. Lisa pushes through this new crowd to find Bart and Milhouse seated at a table, signing yearbooks. Milhouse takes BECKY'S yearbook, opens it to Bart's photo, and places it before Bart.

MILHOUSE

(SOTTO) This is Becky, she's in the second grade.

BART

(SMOOTHLY) Hi, Becky. Thanks for coming out.

He quickly signs her yearbook and hands it back.

BECKY

(READING) "See ya!" (AWED) He writes the way people talk!

She hugs it to her chest and rushes away, jostling Lisa.

ANGLE ON BART

He signs another yearbook.

BART

(DUBIOUS) Your daughter is named Seymour?

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

(NERVOUS CHUCKLE) Well, I... I lied -- it's for me.

BACK TO SCENE

A downcast Lisa walks away, studying her own yearbook photo. It is accompanied by a lengthy list of accomplishments.

LISA

I don't get it. Straight A's, perfect attendance, Bathroom Timer... I should be the most popular girl in school.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BACKYARD - SIMULTANEOUS

FLANDERS is talking to HOMER across their back fences.

FLANDERS

Homer, I'm in a rhubarb of a pickle of a jam here. I was all set to go off on vacation, when I get called up for jury duty. Oh, it's a corker of a case -- seems a man drove up onto a traffic island and hit a decorative rowboat full of geraniums. Now they're trying it as a maritime offense. (SENSING HOMER'S IMPATIENCE; SPUTTERING) So anyhoo, how'd you like to use my beach house? Free of charge.

HOMER

I only get two weeks of vacation a year -- and you want me to spend it in your lousy beach house?

FLANDERS

(RELUCTANTLY) Well, if it'll seal the deal, I'll take a look at your septic tank. See if I can get her hummin' again.

HOMER

Deal. See, Flanders, you give a little, you get a little.

Flanders rolls up his sleeves and walks over to a marshy, partially sunken area of the Simpsons' lawn.

SFX: GUSHY FOOTSTEPS

FLANDERS

Hello, "Mr. Brown Ground", whatcha got for me?

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

The family sits at the dinner table.

MARGE

Bart, you can invite Milhouse. Lisa, you can bring a friend, too.

LISA

Heyyy, great, a friend... or companion... (TRAILING OFF)... Stuffed animal...

Off Marge's slightly concerned look we CUT TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LISA'S ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Lisa is packing her suitcase. Marge sticks her head in.

MARGE

Well, did you call one of your friends?

LISA

(FRUSTRATED) Friends? <u>These</u> are my only friends...

Lisa points to a stack of novels on her bed next to her suitcase. She picks one up and looks at the author's jacket photo.

LISA (CONT'D)

Grown-up nerds like Gore Vidal. And even <u>he's</u> kissed more boys than I ever will.

MARGE

Girls, Lisa. Boys kiss girls.

LISA

(SAD) Mom, why don't I have any friends?

MARGE

We have each other! When I was a lonely little girl, I always dreamed that someday my daughter would be my best friend.

LISA

(TENDER) We are best friends, Mom. But I'm a kid. I need friends my own age, too.

MARGE

(POSITIVE) Honey, you'll make plenty of friends. All you have to do is be yourself.

Marge exits. Lisa returns glumly to her packing.

LISA

Be myself? I've been myself for eight years and it hasn't worked. Look at all these dorky clothes... (PULLING OUT ITEMS) A bathing cap... nose plugs...

She pulls out a microscope.

LISA (CONT'D)

A microscope at the beach -- ugh, what

was I thinking?

Lisa pauses for a moment and thinks. Then, after a beat, she decisively dumps the entire contents of her suitcase back onto the bed.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

The family sits in the tightly-packed car, waiting for Lisa. Bart taunts Milhouse, who is strapped into the baby-seat with Maggie on his lap.

BART

Mom, I'm gonna tighten Milhouse's

straps. He's fidgeting again.

With the **CLICKING** of a knob, Bart tightens the car-seat straps a little more.

MILHOUSE

(GROAN)

Homer, standing next to the car, reaches in and **HONKS THE HORN**.

HOMER

Lisa, let's go!

Lisa comes running out. She hands her suitcase to Homer and climbs into the car.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(LIFTS SUITCASE, PUZZLED) Hey. Hmm,

somebody's traveling light.

LISA

(SHRUGS) Maybe you're getting stronger.

HOMER

Well, I have been eating more...

Homer and Lisa get inside. As the car pulls out of the driveway, Marge waves Maggie's hand.

MARGE

Wave bye-bye to our house, Maggie. Bye-bye, tree.

HOMER

Bye-bye, job.

BART

Bye-bye toothbrush.

LISA

(QUIETLY) Bye-bye Lisa Simpson.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON CAR - LATER **SCENE 3**

The car motors along a Cape Cod-style highway.

BART

When the hell are we going to get to... where the hell are we going?

MARGE

It's called Little Pwagmattasquarmsettport. It's known as "America's scrod-basket."

BART

I thought Springfield was America's scrod-basket.

MARGE

No, Springfield is "America's crud-bucket." (BITTERLY) At least according to Newsweek. (PERKY) I know, let's sing a song. (SINGS) 99 bottles of beer on the wall...

KIDS/MARGE

(SINGING) 99 bottles of beer...

Homer slams on the **BRAKES**.

HOMER

Where?!

EXT. HIGHWAY REST STOP - A LITTLE LATER

MEN and WOMEN are lined up for the rest rooms. Bart is at the front of his line. Homer emerges from the men's room. Bart takes one step inside, then immediately reels backward in a theatrical display of asphyxiation. He stumbles around, clutching his throat and clawing at the air.

BART

(HAMMY GASPING & HACKING)

MEN IN LINE

(APPRECIATIVE LAUGHTER)

A few of the men begin to **APPLAUD**.

BART

(TAKES A BOW) Thank you, thank you.

It's based on a true story.

As Bart leaves, Lisa approaches him.

LISA

(VENTURING) Bart, how do you get people to like you so much?

BART

Popularity can't be taught. Either I was born with it or you were not.

LISA

There must be some logic to it, though. If I could understand it, I could copy it.

BART

Lis, a frog named Petey once taught me that some things can't be taken apart without dying. So forget it.

INT. SIMPSON CAR - HOURS LATER

A sign reads: "Welcome to Little Pwagmattasquarmsettport." They drive past such establishments as: the Sandy Sheets Motel, Barnacle Bill's Anger Management Center, and The Yellowed Pages Used Books with a banner reading "Ask About our Leon Uris Novels."

BART

This place is beautiful. The Indians were crazy to give it to us.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

The Simpsons walk up to the front of the Flanders' house, a nice, Cape Cod ranch-style near the water. Homer removes an envelope labelled "read me" from the door.

HOMER

(READING) "Wel-diddly-elcome Simpsons."

(TO MARGE) Oh, geez. He actually wrote "diddly."

MARGE

That was thoughtful.

HOMER

(READS) "I left a few helpful notes around the house..."

Bart opens the door. The interior of the house is covered with zillions of little yellow post-it notes.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Marge reads a note on the refrigerator.

MARGE

(READS) "Put food in me."

HOMER

I'll take that.

Homer grabs the note and sticks it on his stomach. Marge opens the freezer and removes an ice cube tray. Each individual cube is labelled "Fill me."

MARGE

(DREAMY) Nothing left to chance...

INT. BEACH HOUSE - BOYS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bart finds a piggybank and turns it over; we hear the sound of **COINS**. A note in child's handwriting reads "Please don't steal from me."

BART

Nice try, Todd.

With a **CHUCKLE**, Bart calmly empties the bank.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM -- LATER

Marge is making the beds.

MARGE

Isn't this fun, honey?

LISA

(DRYLY) It must be exciting to make a different set of beds.

MARGE

I know you're joking -- but it is! Say, why don't you put on your swimsuit and head for the beach?

LISA

Well, it's kind of funny...with all the craziness and confusion and mishegoss of packing... Ha... I forgot to pack.

She holds up her open suitcase. It is completely empty.

MARGE

Lisa, that's not at all like you.

LISA

Exactly.

MARGE

(PUZZLED SOUND)

Homer pokes his head in.

HOMER

I forgot my swimsuit, too. But I improvised.

We see he's wearing a diaper made from a "WELCOME" mat. He goes out the **DOOR**.

HOMER (O.S.)

Hello.

We immediately hear a **POLICE SIREN**.

EXT. STRIP MALL - LATER **SCENE 4**

Marge, Lisa and Maggie enter a clothing store called Tee Jay's ZayMart. A sign outside says "Dressing Rooms Across Street In Gorham Bldg."

INT. TEEJAY'S ZAYMART - A LITTLE LATER

Marge sorts through a rack of swimsuits in the Little Miss department. She shows Lisa a suit trimmed with ruffles.

LISA

Uh, Mom, I'm kinda trying to go for a different look this year.

MARGE

Oh, okay.

Marge holds up a darling pink swimsuit.

MARGE (CONT'D)

(EXCITED) Ohhhh, how about this adorable sun-suit. It has a starfish on the fanny and it comes with its own pail!

She turns towards Lisa, but she's gone. Lisa has wandered into the hip section of the store. The mannequins have braided hair, hip baggy clothes and tattoos.

LISA

Mom, come here. Bring money.

EXT. TEEJAY'S ZAYMART - A LITTLE LATER

We hear a **COOL GUITAR RIFF**. Lisa struts out in cut-offs and a tie-dyed shirt, a floppy denim cap with a large sunflower, and little round "granny" glasses. A moment later Marge emerges.

MARGE

So where do you want to show off your new hip togs? The Sherbet Shoppe? The Candle District? Big Sue's Tap Water Taffy?

During the above, Lisa cringes uncomfortably. She looks around, then subtly unbuttons Maggie's jumper, which begins to slip off.

LISA

(STAGY) Oh no! Mom, look!

A bare-naked Maggie happily toddles away.

MAGGIE

(HAPPY TODDLING NOISES)

Marge runs off after Maggie. Lisa watches her go.

MARGE (O.S.)

No, Maggie! There's something wrong

with that pigeon!

LISA

(LOW-KEY) Later.

Lisa looks around coolly and saunters off in the opposite direction.

EXT. BEACH - SIMULTANEOUS

Bart and Milhouse stand on the beach, gazing out at the shining ocean, then run in, **BREATHING HEAVILY**.

BART

Last one in is a yearbook editor!

MILHOUSE

Full speed ahead. Prepare to dive!

Dive!

They both dive, only to land on their stomachs in six inches of water.

BART/MILHOUSE

(GROANS)

They look up to see Homer sitting in his car on a sandbar.

HOMER

(MATTER OF FACT) It's low tide, boys.

He **DRIVES** off, **SPRAYING** a small rooster-tail of water.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PWAGMATTASQUARMSETTPORT - SIMULTANEOUS

Lisa wanders along Main Street, passing such stores as: A Tern for the Wurst Delicatessen, The Beach Comber Barbershop, and a newsstand called Gull Things Considered.

LISA

I wonder where all the kids are.

She pauses in front of the Public Library, a modern structure with concrete ramps and a plaza surrounding it. A banner with a cartoon bookmark on it reads: "BookMarky-Mark sez: Check out a book! We're dyin' in here."

LISA (CONT'D)

Hey, a library! (TURNING HER HEAD AWAY)

No, I can't. That's the old nerdy

Lisa.

ANGLE ON LIBRARY WINDOW

Apparitions of FAMOUS LITERARY CHARACTERS emerge from the books and beckon to Lisa.

PIPPI LONGSTOCKING

Lisa, read about my adventures in the

South Seas -- and make me live again.

EUSTACE TILLEY, the *NEW YORKER* mascot, appears.

EUSTACE TILLEY

(TEMPTING, SINGSONG) We've got

periodicals on microfiche!

ALICE FROM WONDERLAND steps out, the MAD HATTER beside her.

ALICE

(NERVOUS, ENGLISH ACCENT) Won't you

join our tea party? It will be ever so

-- (BREAKING DOWN) Don't do it, Lisa,

it's a trick!

Now we see the Mad Hatter was holding a gun to Alice's head. He **CLICKS** the gun.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Run! Run!

BACK TO SCENE

Lisa turns and hurries away.

EXT. BEACH BOARDWALK - A LITTLE LATER

Lisa strolls glumly along the boardwalk through a parade of adult legs. There are no kids in sight.

LISA

(SIGHS) Oh, I don't see any kids at all. It's like they ditched me in advance.

She sits down on the edge of the pier.

COOL KID VOICE (O.S.)

So he goes, like (SCOFFING SNORT NOISE).

COOL GIRL VOICE (O.S.)

(SNORT) I can totally hear him going that.

Lisa swivels her head around, looking for the source of the voices.

LISA

(EXCITED) Only kids are that inarticulate!

She peers down through the cracks in the boardwalk.

LISA'S POV

A group of BEACH KIDS is hanging out beneath the pier. She can just make out the tops of their blond heads.

BACK TO SCENE

Lisa runs excitedly down the pier.

EXT. UNDER THE BOARDWALK -- MOMENTS LATER **SCENE 5**

Lisa rounds a corner and sees them: a group of low-key kids hanging out. They are slightly-older, with summer-blond hair and even tans. A few hold skateboards. Lisa stands at a distance.

RICK

So my mom tried to take me to some candle place, but I'm all, like, no way.

Lisa picks up a discarded Jiffy-Pop tin and uses it as a hand mirror to fix up her appearance.

LISA

(REHEARSING) Like, you know, whatever.

Like, you know, whatever.

She heads over to the kids, hands in pockets, trying to appear casual.

LISA (CONT'D)

Hey, what's hap--

Just as she opens her mouth to say "Hey," a SEA GULL swoops through with a **LOUD SQUAWK**, completely drowning her out. The kids don't even notice her. She hurries out of view.

LISA'S BRAIN (V.O.)

(CALMING HERSELF) Okay, okay, not your fault, it's a bird thing. You don't control the birds -- you will someday, but not now.

A moment later, she walks by the kids for a second pass.

LISA

Hi.

KID

(CASUAL) 'Sup.

RICK

Who's that?

KID

(UNCONCERNED) I'unno. Some kid.

The group closes its ranks again. Lisa starts to walk away again, but ERIN -- a hiply dressed girl a little older than Lisa -- turns back to her.

ERIN

Hey, I like your hat.

Lisa stops and smiles to herself.

LISA'S BRAIN (V.O.)

(EXCITED) A compliment! Scanning for sarcasm... It's clean. Go!

She crosses to Erin.

LISA

Thanks. Umm... (POINTS TO A SKATEBOARD) You guys skate?

RICK

Try to, but cops always confiscate our boards.

ERIN

Yeah, and you just know they're using them five minutes later down at the station.

LISA

(GRUNTS IN AGREEMENT) I think I know a place you can skate that's virtually deserted.

KIDS

(NO RESPONSE)

LISA

(REMEMBERS) Like, you know, whatever.

KIDS

(MURMURS OF UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION)

EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY -- LATER

The kids skate enthusiastically around the library's plaza. Erin comes up to Lisa.

ERIN

Hey, this place rocks. What'd you say your name was?

LISA

Didn't. (WARM) It's Lisa.

ERIN

I'm Erin. So how'd you know about this place? Y'into books?

LISA

Me? Unlikely. My goony brother's always going to libraries. I usually hang out in front.

ERIN

(SURPRISED) Oh, you like hanging out, too?

LISA

Well, it beats doing stuff.

ERIN

(FRIENDLY) Yeah, stuff sucks.

Rick rolls up to Lisa.

RICK

(TO LISA) Hey, you up? You can use my board.

He kicks the board into the air and Lisa catches it awkwardly.

LISA

(HESITANT) Okay... thanks. That's very rad of you.

Lisa tentatively gets on and rolls around slowly, wobbling.

EXT. FAR SIDE OF PARKING LOT - SIMULTANEOUS

From behind some shrubbery, Bart and Milhouse watch Lisa in disbelief.

MILHOUSE

Hey, Bart, Lisa's skateboarding with some cool kids! (SEES HER CLOTHES) And she looks like Blossom!

BART

Lisa? With <u>people</u>? (DERISIVE SNORT) If they're impressed by her, I'm gonna Bart their world. (TURNS TO MILHOUSE) Okay, Milhouse, you know the drill.

MILHOUSE

Right. You go over and wow them, I hide in the shrubs.

Milhouse ducks down in the bushes while Bart grabs his skateboard and heads for the kids. He hops on and begins hot-dogging it for the group:

1) He leaps over the bike rack, spinning the board 90 degrees so it goes through the bars sideways. Then he lands on it without missing a beat and continues on.

BART

Hot stuff comin' through!

2) He jumps the skateboard into a fountain and surfs across it.

BART

(SINGS FIRST TWO BARS OF "HAWAII FIVE-O" THEME)

3) He hits a curb, flies into the air, and falls onto the board in a reclining position. He waves nonchalantly as he rolls by the kids.

BART

(COCKY) My friendship. You know you want it.

The kids watch Bart, unimpressed.

RICK

(DERISIVE SNORT) The kid, like, tries too hard.

DEAN

Yeah, the whole thing smacks of effort, man.

LISA

(DISMISSIVE SOUND) That's my dorky little brother, Bart --tholomew.

ERIN

Like, who does he think he is with that slingshot in his back pocket? Dennis the Menace?

ERIN / RICK / KIDS

(DERISIVE SNICKERS)

Bart, humiliated, slinks away.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

He returns to Milhouse.

MILHOUSE

How'd it go? Are we down with them?

BART

(STEAMING) No. They must have seen you.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - BACK PORCH - THAT NIGHT **SCENE 6**

The family, minus Lisa, sits on the deck under a bug light playing a beat-up old board game.

BART

(GROAN) Oh, why do we have to play this lousy old game?

MARGE

Because it was the only one in the house. (ENTHUSIASTIC) Come on, Homer, open the door for your Mystery Date!

Homer opens the little toy door, revealing a 1950's photo of a handsome football player.

HOMER

(THRILLED) Ooh, Captain of the Football Team! He's a dreamboat! (ASIDE, TO MARGE) Don't wait up, Marge.

MARGE

(CHUCKLES; EXCITED) Okay, Bart, your turn, your turn.

Bart glumly opens the door. Inside is a 1950's four-eyed nerd, who looks an awful lot like Milhouse.

MARGE (CONT'D)

(GIGGLING, THINKS IT'S HILARIOUS) You got "The Dud!" (LAUGHS)

HOMER

(ALSO LAUGHING; POINTS AT MILHOUSE)

Hey, he looks just like you, Poindexter!

Bart looks sourly out at Lisa and her friends, who are down on the beach.

BART

How come Lisa doesn't have to play? Why does she get to hang out with her friends?

HOMER

You've got friends. You got "The Dud" right here. (ELBOWS MILHOUSE) Stand up for yourself, Poindexter!

WE FOLLOW a set of footprints in the sand down to...

EXT. BEACH IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE - SAME TIME

Lisa and her friends walk around a big rock by the beach, examining a tidal pool full of colorful sea creatures, plants, etc.

ERIN

Wow, Lisa, I never appreciated all this sea junk before.

Rick watches a HERMIT CRAB walk by on the sand.

RICK

Hey, that clam's got legs.

LISA

That's a hermit crab. When she outgrows her old shell, she finds a new one that's a better fit.

Lisa finds a more colorful shell and puts it next to the crab.

LISA (CONT'D)

(TO CRAB) Don't be afraid, little friend. You'll be the most popular crab on the beach.

The kids watch as the crab leaves its original shell and crawls into the new one. Lisa picks up the old shell.

LISA (CONT'D)

Aww, a gift from my favorite arthropod.

Lisa winces as she realizes what she's said.

DEAN

(WARY) Um, did you learn that word from a teacher or something?

LISA

(COVERING) No. No, I heard it on "Baywatch."

KIDS

(RELIEVED & APPRECIATIVE SOUNDS)

ESTABLISHING SHOT - CONVENIENCE STORE - THE NEXT DAY

It's a small convenience store called Li'l Valu-Mart and it's decorated with Fourth of July banners. Homer walks up.

HOMER

(TO HIMSELF) Hmm. I bet this place sells illegal fireworks. Just go in and act casual, like you buy 'em all the time.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Homer enters, accompanied by the sound of the store's **DOOR CHIME**. A CLERK -- who has a Sikh turban and beard, but otherwise looks a lot like Apu -- stands behind the counter. Homer approaches nervously, a la the liquor-buying scene in "American Graffiti."

HOMER

(CASUAL, POINTING OUT ITEMS) Um... let me have one of those porno magazines... a large box of condoms... a bottle of Old Harper... a couple of those panty shields... and some illegal fireworks... (QUICKLY) and one of those disposable enemas. No, make it two.

The clerk calmly puts all the items in a paper sack and rings it up.

APU II

(INDIAN ACCENT) My apologies, sir, but the sale of fireworks is prohibited in this state and is punishable by--

The only OTHER CUSTOMER leaves the store, triggering the **DOOR CHIME**.

APU II (CONT'D)

(TURNS ON A DIME) Follow me.

He leads Homer into...

THE BACK ROOM

A wondrous arsenal where the walls are covered with industrial-size fireworks and military ordnance. The clerk shows them off.

APU II

This is the Neutron Cherry Bomb.

HOMER

(GASP)

APU II

It destroys hands, but leaves smiles intact. (NEXT ONE) This next item should be dropped from an altitude of 10,000 feet. But you know you can just light it and run.

The clerk picks up a big green canister.

APU II (CONT'D)

Of course, the truly red-blooded, flag-fearing American prefers (DRAMATIC) the M-320. Celebrate the independence of your nation by blowing up a small part of it.

HOMER

(REASONABLE) Alright.

Homer whips out a wad of cash.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Lisa and her friends are hanging out. Rick turns to Lisa.

RICK

'Pretty cool of your mom to let us hang out here.

Marge, who's entering behind them with a tray of rice crispie squares and a pitcher of Tang, smiles to herself.

ERIN

Totally. Not like my mom. She'd be butting in with rice crispie squares and Tang.

Marge quickly veers back into the kitchen, unnoticed.

RICK

(HASSLED) My dad's all stoked 'cause today's the Fourth of July. He woke me up at dawn to take a loyalty oath.

DEAN

(SULLENLY; GRUNT OF AGREEMENT) We have to take flowers out to the veterans' cemetery.

LISA

Well, we could do something fun. (THINKS) Um, how 'bout a beach party?

ERIN

Great idea, Lis.

RICK

(EAGER) Yeah, I know where there's a beach!

DEAN

I know where we can get some flowers!

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - FRONT YARD - A LITTLE LATER **SCENE 7**

Marge rummages through a cooler by a barbecue grill.

MARGE

Homer, didn't you buy any meat?

Homer pats the M-320 affectionately.

HOMER

(CHUCKLES) This baby's sure to kill something. (PICKS UP M-320) Okay, now everybody -- stand back while I celebrate freedom. Bart, give me your matches.

BART

(PATS HIS POCKETS) Fresh out.

HOMER

(ANNOYED) No lighter?... Nothin'?

Bart gives an empty-handed gesture and shakes his head.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(FRUSTRATED NOISE, THEN) Wait, I got it.

Homer takes the M-320 and strides into...

INT. BEACH HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Homer turns on a burner on the gas stove. He holds the M-320 over the flame, instantly **CATCHING** the fuse far too close to the explosive part.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

As the fuse burns down to the core, Homer looks frantically for a place to dispose of the firecracker. He finally **OPENS** the refrigerator, **TOSSES** it in, and shuts the door.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(BEAT, THEN GASP) The beer!

He snatches the M-320 out of the fridge, looks around, then throws it in the dishwasher and slams the door. There is a **LOUD MUFFLED BOOM**. The dishwasher door bulges out.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(RELIEVED SIGH)

After a beat, water and garbage begin **SURGING UP** from the sink drain, rapidly **OVERFLOWING** all over the counter and floor. Homer looks around for a beat, then walks out nonchalantly.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(CASUAL WHISTLING)

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - BACK PORCH - LATER THAT NIGHT

A dour Homer, Milhouse, and Bart sit on the porch. Behind them, inside, Marge wearily wrings out a mop and continues mopping up. Bart looks enviously at Lisa and her friends who are sitting around a roaring bonfire down on the beach.

BART

Oh, this is the worst Fourth of July ever. I hate America! (BEAT) Come on, Milhouse, let's go down there.

MARGE

I don't think you should. Let Lisa be alone with her new friends.

BART

They're my friends, rightfully. She only got them by copying me!

LISA (O.S., DISTANT)

Don't have a cow, man!

KIDS (O.S., DISTANT)

(LAUGHTER)

BART

See?! That's my expression!

MARGE

Oh, you haven't said that in four years. Let Lisa have it.

BART

It's the principle. She's gotta learn!

MARGE

No! Now park your keister, meester!

She shoves Bart back down in his seat.

LISA (O.S., DISTANT)

Aye carumba!

KIDS

(LAUGHTER)

Off Bart's seething expression, we CUT TO:

EXT. KIDS' BEACH PARTY - CONTINUOUS

Lisa and Erin are holding their flashlight beams on a frisbee in the sand.

LISA

Okay, that's twenty minutes.

ERIN

It's ready.

They **CLICK** off their flashlights and pick up the frisbee, which now glows green. Lisa tosses it (the cool way) into the blackness.

ANGLE ON

Rick and Dean, preparing to catch the frisbee. As it flies, the frisbee gradually loses its glow, finally becoming invisible.

DEAN (V.O.)

Hey, where'd it go?

Somewhere in the darkness, we hear a painful **BONK!**

RICK (V.O.)

Ow. Found it.

BACK TO LISA AND ERIN

LISA

(GIGGLING) Heads up.

The two girls **GIGGLE** together.

ERIN

Hey, Lis, I made something for ya.

She hands Lisa a colorful band of braided cloth.

ERIN (CONT'D)

It's a friendship bracelet.

LISA

For me? (AWED) Wow, my first real friend...(COVERING)...ship bracelet. (NERVOUS CHUCKLE) I don't have anything for you... (HESITANT) ...except this necklace I made.

Lisa takes a necklace, a shell on a string, from around her neck and puts it on Erin.

ERIN

Cool. Thanks, Lisa. (SNIFFS NECKLACE, PLEASED) Hey, cinnamon dental floss!

LISA

(HAPPY CHUCKLE) I just know we're going to be friends forever.

CUT TO:

BART'S POV

We see a SLIGHTLY-DISTORTED, EXTREME CLOSE-UP view of Lisa and Erin.

CUT TO:

A NEARBY SAND DUNE - CONT.

Bart is using Milhouse's glasses like a pair of binoculars.

BART

So Lisa has a friend. (OMINOUSLY)

We'll see about that.

Bart stalks off toward the house, leaving Milhouse blinking myopically.

MILHOUSE

Bart! I need my glasses!

A repulsive HORSESHOE CRAB scuttles toward Milhouse. He reaches out to pet it.

MILHOUSE (CONT'D)

Oh, nice doggie.

HORSESHOE CRAB

(WEIRD CLICKING SOUND)

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SKY - NIGHT **SCENE 8**

The sky is lit up with beautiful fireworks **EXPLODING** and shimmering against a backdrop of stars. Lisa rises into frame in magical SLOW MOTION.

LISA

(UNCONTROLLABLE LAUGHTER)

BACK TO SPEED. WE WIDEN to see that we are

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

The kids are tossing an ecstatic Lisa into the air on a blanket.

LISA'S BRAIN (V.O.)

I'm dizzy! Oh, I'm nauseous! But I'm

accepted! (STILL LAUGHING)

As she reaches the top of her trajectory, the light of the fireworks illuminates something atop the dunes.

LISA

(CONFUSED NOISE)

She falls and is tossed up again -- now she sees Bart coming over the hill.

LISA (CONT'D)

(PANICKED GASP) What's he doing here?

She is tossed up again, this time to see a determined Bart marching straight toward her.

ZOOM IN ON BART'S HAND:

Under his arm, Bart is carrying Lisa's yearbook.

LISA (CONT'D)

My yearbook! No!

BACK TO SCENE

She frantically shakes her head "no" at Bart. But Bart, grinning slyly, nods back "yes."

BART

Hey, you guys! You wanna see how cool

Lisa Simpson really is?

He opens the yearbook and thrusts it in the faces of the kids, whose mouths drop. They continue to toss Lisa absentmindedly as they look at the yearbook.

ANGLE ON YEARBOOK PAGES

BART (V.O.)

Check this out: "Miss Perfect

Attendance".

We see a photo of Lisa wearing a sash which reads "Miss Perfect Attendance" and shaking hands with Principal Skinner. Bart turns the page.

BART (V.O., CONT'D)

"Grammar Rodeo -- Head Buccaroo".

We see a photo of Lisa on the "Regional Grammar Rodeo Team", wearing a cowboy hat and holding a placard which says "gerund". Bart flips to another page.

BART (V.O., CONT'D)

"The French Table" -- ooh la la.

We see a photo of the "French Table", with Lisa sitting alone at a table in a beret. (We also see a picture of the "German Table", with Lisa wearing a kaiser helmet, next to UTER, who's stuffing his face with bratwurst.)

BACK TO SCENE

PULL BACK TO SEE Lisa is now sitting on the blanket. Erin grabs the yearbook from Bart, and Lisa and the blanket fall to the ground with a **SOFT THUD**. Erin looks at the yearbook, then turns to Lisa.

ERIN

(READING, STUNNED) "Teachers' Pet"?

Lisa looks desperately at the faces of her friends, then breaks down and runs off **SOBBING** into the night.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

As Marge **HUMS** and washes charred, damaged dishes, Lisa sullenly eats breakfast. She is wearing her old red dress. Bart enters.

BART

(TENTATIVE) Hey, Lis.

LISA

(STONY SILENCE)

BART

I guess my little yearbook stunt was pretty rough, but it did teach you a lesson: (CONDESCENDING) It's important to be yourself.

LISA

(SILENCE)

Marge exits. Lisa's arm whips out, and grabs Bart's collar and pulls him close. Bart is totally taken aback.

LISA (CONT'D)

(STEAMING, THROUGH GRIT TEETH) I know exactly who I am. I'm the sister of a rotten, jealous, mean little sneak.

Lisa grabs a honey bear with her free hand and holds it threateningly over Bart's hair.

LISA (CONT'D)

You cost me my only friends! You ruined my life!

A chipper Marge re-enters holding a newspaper. Lisa instantly releases Bart and resumes eating her breakfast as if nothing had happened. Bart stands there stunned.

MARGE

(POINTING TO NEWSPAPER) Hey, kids,

there's a carnival tonight!

A cereal box slides on the table, revealing Milhouse, who's been sitting there the whole time.

MILHOUSE

Oh boy, a carnival! I hope they have

the ride that goes like this! (IMITATES

CRAZY OCTOPUS MOTION AND SOUNDS) Or

the one that goes like this! (DOES

CRAZY LOOPING MOTION AND SOUNDS)

Milhouse **KNOCKS** over his milk.

MILHOUSE (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm sorry.

ESTABLISHING SHOT - CARNIVAL - NIGHT

A big, brightly-lit carnival is set up along the pier.

EXT. CARNIVAL - SQUIRT-GUN ARCADE GAME - CONTINUOUS

An intense Bart and Lisa stand at opposite ends of the family as they **SQUIRT** streams of water into the mouths of clown targets. With a devilish look, Bart turns to fire at Lisa. But before he can fire, he is **BLASTED** with a face full of water from a waiting Lisa.

BART

(ANGRY DROWNING SOUNDS)

MARGE

Kids! Stop that! Don't make me get

the carney!

EXT. CARNIVAL - "ROUND-UP" THRILL RIDE - NIGHT

Bart, Lisa and Milhouse are strapped into a wildly spinning centrifugal ride. Milhouse shares his space with a large stuffed giraffe.

BART

Hey, Lisa, make friends with this!

He **SPITS**. Just before the loogie reaches Lisa's face it veers off crazily and **NAILS** Milhouse.

MILHOUSE

Hey!

Lisa **SPITS**. Her loogie also veers off target and **HITS** Milhouse.

MILHOUSE (CONT'D)

(DOPPLER SHOUTS) Ride Man! Ride Man!

Milhouse pulls a handkerchief out of his pocket and tries to wipe off the spit, but centrifugal force **SLAMS** his hand back against the wall repeatedly.

INT. CARNIVAL - BUMPER CAR RIDE - A LITTLE LATER SCENE 9

As **CARNIVAL MUSIC** plays in the background, the DRIVERS wait expectantly in their bumper cars for the ride to begin. Bart and Lisa are on opposite ends of the crowded rink, glaring at each other.

MARGE

(TO BART AND LISA) Remember, kids, there's no need to bump! Just enjoy the ride!

Bart and Lisa continue to glare at each other. The **BELL RINGS**. The ride begins and cars start to circle around the rink, gently **JOSTLING** each other. As Marge drives, both her contact pole and her hair **SPARK** against the ceiling. Bart and Lisa, however, remain in their corners, **REVVING THEIR "ENGINES"**, **SPARKS** flying off the tops of their poles. Then, with a **SQUEAL OF RUBBER**, they pull out and bear down on each other.

RIDE OPERATOR

(THROUGH MICROPHONE, DISTORTED) No head-on collisions! I'm talking to you, Cars "2" and "12"!

Lisa and Bart continue bearing down on each other. At the last minute Lisa unhooks her seatbelt and rolls out of her car. A stunned Bart turns his head and watches as she walks unharmed across the floor, through **WHIZZING TRAFFIC**. Bart turns his head back to see he is just inches away from her abandoned car. He struggles with his seatbelt. At the last second he releases it with a look of elation, just in time to **CRASH** into Lisa's car. He is **FLUNG** head first onto the tires in the center of the rink.

BART

(CALLING AFTER LISA) Lisa, wait! This is crazy! Let's talk!

But she is gone. Bart turns to see a GRIZZLED OLD MAN sitting on a folding chair in the middle of the tires.

OLD CARNEY

(PROSPECTOR VOICE) (CHUCKLES) Looks like you've been marooned on Tire Island. (MENACINGLY) Around here we do things my way.

Off Bart's reaction we

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - A LITTLE LATER

Lisa walks gloomily down the street.

LISA

That fortune cookie was right: I am going to have a life of loneliness and despair.

As Lisa approaches the beach house, she sees long, spooky human shadows on the street.

RICK (O.S.)

Lisa's gonna freak when she sees this.

ERIN (O.S.)

Well, hurry up. They'll be back soon.

Lisa **FLICKS** on a light. The kids wheel around in surprise.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Lisa!

LISA

Okay, you found out I'm an overachieving bookworm. So whatever mean prank you're pulling, just finish it up and send me a Polaroid. I'm going to sleep.

Lisa turns to go inside.

DEAN

Wait, Lisa. Look.

The kids step aside to reveal they've decorated the Simpson car by gluing hundreds of beautiful seashells to it. Lisa is visibly moved.

RICK

Cool, huh? And it's still driveable! Although, um, we did cover up the brake lights.

LISA

Does this mean you still want to be friends? Even though I tried to cover up my nerdish... leanings?

ERIN

Look, we don't care who you were. You can't fake the kind of good person you are.

DEAN

Yeah. You taught us there's more to summer than sitting around under the boardwalk waiting for quarters to fall through the slats... Now about winter--

LISA

(TOUCHED) I wish I could take you guys home with me. (GESTURES TO CAR) This is the most thoughtful thing anybody ever --

HOMER (O.S.)

(STRANGLED CRY OF OUTRAGE) Sweet merciful crap! My car!

INT. SIMPSON CAR - A FEW DAYS LATER

The Simpsons' shell-festooned car, packed with luggage, **DRIVES** along the coastal highway. Dozens of **SQUAWKING** SEA GULLS cling to every surface of the car, pecking at the shells.

MARGE

(MURMUR) The polite thing to do would've been to clean the shells first. Shoo, shoo!

Marge swats at a sea gull perched on the side mirror.

ANGLE ON BART AND LISA

BART

You know, Lis, while I was stranded on Tire Island I had a lot of time to think. And I felt bad for being such a jerk to you. Anyway... here.

He hands Lisa her yearbook and she opens it. The words "We'll Miss You" are written in big letters on the inside cover. Below the inscription is Erin's signature -- and Rick's, and Dean's. The opposite page is covered with drawings and messages.

LISA

(TOUCHED) Aww.

BART

Turn the page.

We see that Bart has written "M I 2 MEAN 2 B 4-GIVEN?" Lisa looks up from the page to see Bart looking at her hopefully.

LISA

Oh, Bart. Of course not. I forgive you.

MILHOUSE

(ENTHUSIASTICALLY) I signed it too!

(LAUGHS)

LISA

(FORCED ENTHUSIASM) Oh yes... there it is.

The car pulls up to a stoplight.

HOMER

Well, get a last look at the beautiful

ocean scenery, kids.

Homer throws an empty beer can out the window. Lisa watches the Duff can as **IT LANDS** on the beach. The Hermit Crab (from earlier) creeps up and examines it curiously. After a moment, it slips out of its shell and moves into the can. As the can crawls out into the ocean, we...

FADE OUT:

THE END